THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.



CURIOUS CONCEITS THE FUNNY MEN SEEN AND DESCRIBED.

CAST. The Mayor.

The Pied Piper of Mulberry Street.
Dr. Harkhurst.
The Mayor's secretary Chesty George-Liquor dealers, citizens, policemen and gum

SCENE I .- CITE HALL. [Curtain rises with chorus of citizens gazing into the wings and singing sweet lullaby.]

LULIABY BY CITIZENS' CHORUS. Sweet and Low
Over the City Ha-all.
Breathe and blow.
Breathe and

(The rest is drowned by the wheezing of rushing wind, and a moment later the Mayor's secretary and Mayor float in on a weekly talk hot-air cloud. When the wind subsides the Mayor is in the centre of the stage and the citizens are grouped respect-fully in the background. Mayor sings.]

This city has the honor of possessing me for Mayor.

In electing me the people showed discrimination rayor.

I congratulate them heartily upon this show I congratulate them heartily upon the of taste.

For, if they had done otherwise they'd surely be disgraced.

be disgraced.

[Mayor pauses and beams around him ruddily. Delegation of liquor dealers advance to receive congratulations for the part they took in the Mayor's election. The Mayor stretches forth his hand, but suddenly withdraws it.]

Mayor—Hold! Before this fair, fat hand be tainted by your contaminating touch, tell me, is it true, as Dame Rumor has it, that ye are naught but a scurvy bunch of blackmailing crooks? Answer me that, sirs!

ire! [Mayor turns on heel. Liquor dealers shake their fists and loudly enumerate the cities of Holland beginning with Amsterdam and ending with the Mayor's name.]

Leader of Liquor Dealers—Hold! You cannot put us off in this unseemly manner. We demand as citizens to know your policy. Mayor—Policy? Policy? Do you take this fer a policy shop? Policy is illegal, sir. This administration will not permit any policy. Ha, ha! But stay. I will be magnanimous.

[Mayor nods to leader of police band orchestra and starts to sing.]

MATOR'S BONG.

Of the ordinances graced with my indorsement.

While as for laws that have my disapproval—
The cop who sees them k+st may fear removal.

CITIZENS' CHORCS. I advocate a liberal enforcemen

Re-mov-al.

The cop who sees them kept may fear re-moval.

Mayor (to Liquor Dealers)—So you see, gentlemen, I really have well-formed opinions on the subject. But—ha, ha—as I was elected on a re-form ticket—he, he — you must really excuse me while I go to re-form the opinions which I have already formed—ha, ha, ha!

[The Mayor, still chuckling, is washed off the stage by a flood of tears from the liquor dealers, who float out after him.

Dr. Harkhurst brushes forward.]

DR. HARKHURST'S SONO. This bevilled-edge reform is on the burn.
You need an active, armor-plated man.
A man to put the crooks all on the run—livith shrinking modesty.
Of course, I'm glid to help whene'er I can. Of course, he's glad to help whene'er he can—can—can.

To be sung with life and abandon:

Can—can, can—can,
Can—can, can—can.

Of course, he's glad to help whene'er he can—can.

End of scene.

BRE OF SCENE.

SCENE II.—FOLICE HEADQUARTERS.

[Enter the Pied Piper of Mulberry Street playing Follow On. As he pipes, policemen run on from all wings and fall in behind him. After marching them around the stage three times he lines them up facing the audience. After looking them over critically the Piper sings.]

THE PIPER'S SONG. The crooks must go,
The crooks must go,
The crooks must go,
Enough of all this foolish mocking.
You think because
You're aged and abese
That I'll stand for your conduct shocking

That I'll stand for your conduct shocking.
[During the singing of this verse the Piper seizes several policemen from one side of the stage and transfers them to the other, and vice versa. Several captains retire from the scene voluntarily.]

The Piper—Now, after that little shake-up for the good of the service, perhaps

we can do better. The law must be en-forced. Who will see to it that this is carried out?

forced. Who will see to it that this is carried out?

[Chesty George, profusely dressed in a straight-front creation, steps forward. As he draws in his breath to speak the top three buttons of his waistcoat pop off. During the dialogue that follows the violins should pick dainty insertion music from the high strings.]

Chesty George—I will see that the law is carried out.

The Piper—You? And who are you?

Chesty George—Don't you know me. Cap? Why, I am Chesty George, the famous detective.

[Loud clash from police band orehestralled by former, little drummer boy. Chesty George takes the centre of stage and sings the remaining buttons off his waistcoat.]

the remaining buttons off his waistcoat.

(The Throw Him Dours, McClusky.)

I am the great and only who is knawn as Chesty George.

The crooks from this fair city I can easily discorge.

My very name will turn om pale: they fear me worse'n death.

For I'm the greatest gumshoe sleuth that ever drew a breath.

ever drew a breath.

POLICEMEN'S CHORUS.

"Throw 'em down, McClusky."

Will be our battle cry.

Throw 'em down, McClusky.

Youn do 'em if you try.

And future generations

With deepest in-ter-est.

Will read of George McClusky and

Ilis awe-inspiring chest.

(Repeat.)

Chesty George—Come, me tired and thirsty sleuths. [Policemen in plain clothes and gumshoes move swiftly but silently to front of stage.] We go to blot out orime. Don't forget to bring the blotters. Hal

ALEUTUS' CHORUS.

We are off to scour the morals of the town, sh, sh!

Where'er we find a crook we'll run him down, sh, sh!

You will see 'em helter-skelter
In a vain hunt after shelter
When they bear that Chesty George is nosin'
'round, sh, sh, sh!

[Sleuths break into a rubber-heel crunch dance that leads them off the stage. The Piper and uniformed police chorus rush up stage and with great gusto sing:]

rin'i Chonus.

"Trun 'em down, McClusky"—
It is our battle cry.
Trun 'em down, McClusky,
Y'can ilek 'em if ye try.
Puture generations
With deepest in-ter-est
Will read about th' doin's of
McClusky's famous chest.



First Musician-I tell you what it is, time Second Musician-Pooh! Any old musician

Pereival's Premiums.

His cheeks were sunken and his mouth was drawn. His breath came in painful wheezes. But still he puffed on. One more box of cigarettes and Percival would have enough coupons for a baby grand

An hour later and his task was com-pleted. He counted his coupons to make sure. There were 5,000,000 of them ex-actly. He packed them tidlly in a soap box and despatched them to the cigarette

Did Percival get his baby grand? Alas!
The premium list had been subjected to change the day before, and a week later he found himself the ungrateful recipient of 4,000 rolled gold collar buttons, a nickel plated nut set, and fifty foreign postage stamps (assorted).

THE JOYS OF COURTSHIP IN COLONIAL DAYS.



Priscilla-Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

Bear-Yes, John, you always were backward. Just watch me hug her.

FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Motto of the Collector. Never put off until to-morrow what can dunned to-day. Harrard Lampoon. Puntshment.

"What also the porter?"
"His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton Of Long Standing.

First New York Girl—Is your acquaintance with Jack of long standing?

Record Ditto—Fes: 1 rode uptown with him in the elevated.—Harrard Lampoon.

To Be Expected. Giraffe—Brother Gorilla is uproarious! Leopard—He's full of animal spirits.— rinceton Tiger.

No Danger. "Now, Reginald!" cried Mr. Smith, 't point that empty gun." "It isn't empty, father dear, It's loaded," said the son.



Quit.bler-Well,I see Carnegie's still giving Scribbler - Yes, I've thought s lishing a similar system, only more so. I'd be willing to donate a copy of my works to every city, town and village that would guar-antee to set aside \$3,000 every year to build a library around it and keep it in order.



A Raby in Arma.



Farmer's Wife-If you saw that wood I'll give you a good, hot dinner.

Muddy Mike-I'd do it gladly, ma'am, if I rusn't afraid dat it might endanger me amatoor standin'. Sawin' wood fur a reco



Old Gentleman-Would you like to Little Boy—Ma says I can't to-day, sir. O. G.—Oh, well, never mind. Some oth— L. B. (significantly)-I scarcely ever do,

What the Wild Waves Were Saying. The chorus girl laughed as she stood in the breakers:

"This costume just suits me, I'll really con-And the sad sea waves, hearing her, blushed as they muttered: "Well, man wants but little—but woman wants less."—Cornell Widow.

If He Wasn't Himself.

"I say, Jones, that's the third umbrella you've taken from our office. I wouldn't be an ass if I were you." "By Jove! Smith, that's the first true thing 've heard you say for a long time."—Colum-

elderly, mysterious-looking man.

"Henry," said the baker, "I want to introduce you to Prof. Gladhanderino, the wonderful cartomaniac."

"I am pleasured to meet mit you, Mr.
"I'am pleasured to meet mit you, Mr.
Rleptomaniac," remarked the club's standard bearer, grasping the professor's hard.
"Our cloob invitationed you to explanation dot new fortune telling pinochle game. Let me introduction you on my friend der barber, Mr. Bross, dot is Prof. Kleptomantac.

"How is business mit you?" inquired the barber, shaking the hand of the professor.

"He is not a kleptomanic," explained
Waldbauer; "he's a cartomanic."

"Dot's all right," replied the barber;
"I guess ve all come from der same luratics asylum, ar yhow. All der vorld is a stage as Shakespin says, und der actors are der players. Come, what are you going to drink?"

"I seldom take anything," answered the professor, "but whiskey is an evil and I am on this mortal coil especially to remove evil influences.

After they had drinks all around the professor explained the new game. Keen ekamp dealt the cards, turning the queen of diamonds as trump.

"Ah," said the professor, "the queen of

diamonds That signifies an ill-bred, scandal-loving woman and one to be feared." Dot is a misdeal, shouted Koenekamp grabbing up the cards and proceeding to ical them over. Then he turned up the

queen of spades.

"That denotes a dangerous, malicious wid w," explained the professor. "I'm not inquainted mit hone," remarked

Koenekamp.
"Weil," continued the professor,

may refer to the person who lays down the deece to pick up that card." *Den she can die afore I put down my deece," remarked Bross. "Me, too," said Ott.

"Den I meld a hundred aces," added Koenekamp, laying down his cards. Four aces signify danger, failure in business or imprisonment." explained the professor.
"Vait a minute," shouted Koenekamp ex-

citedly, "vien I don't need to meld I can a question ask; ain't it?" "Cortainty," said the professor; "ask and I shall answer."
"Vny I got such a hard luck?" "Pill I travels across vater?" asked the

barber. "Yes," said the professor, "you will cross

"Yes," said the professor, "you will cross the Black Sea in a red automobile."
"Und vhat vill I do?" asked Koenekamp "You will pity those whom you trust," answered the professor.
"Vell," said Koenekamp, "you can't ring pity up on der cash register. I guess I meid twendy diamonds."
"King of diamonds represents a fair man, dangerous and cunning," explained the professor. "The queen signifies an iil-bred, scandal-loving woman, and one to be feared."

be feared."

"Den I don't meld no diamonds," remarked Koenekamp, picking up his cards.

"I vere yust going to meld diamonds for twendy." added Bross.

"Well, you can safely meld them, " said the professor, "because the cards are reversed. In your case the king represents an army officer, and the queen, a mild amiable woman."

woman."
"Mark me for dot meld," remarked Bross.
"Have I got a dark secret?"
"You may think it's a secret," explained the professor, "but it's a joke."
"Can I catch fish with a deese of spades?"

asked Ott.
"Only dead ones," replied the professor.
"Only dead ones, the fish market." "Vhat vill I meld for good news?" asked

"Vhat vill I meld for good news?" asked Koenekamp?"
"One hundred and fifty trumps when clubs are trump," answered the professor.
"Mebbe by dct time der game is over," said Koenekamp.
"Well, I don't believe in dreams," said Ott. "When a man dreams of animals it's always a sign he's been drinking the night before."

always a sign he's been drinking the night before.

"Ve ain't playing dream pinochle," explained the barber, "ve are playing, fortune teller pinochle. Ain't it, professor?

"That's what it is," answered the professor, "and it's your game.

"Vhat adwice vould you give me on der ten of spade," asked Koenekamp.

"Put a forget-me-not in the buttonhole of your bank roll when you bet on the baker's tips at the racetrack," replied the professor.

"How vill I get rich quick mitout sending my money through der mail?" asked the barber.

"Trust your customers as long as you can without mistrusting yourself," answered the professor.

the professor.

The game proceeded and Koenekamp lost. While he was setting up the drinks

Mr. Keenekamp Learns New Game and a Hebe Gets a New Gverceat.

Ott, the cigar man, was telling Bross, the barber, that he had invented a new fish-catching machine when Waldbauer, the baker, walked into Koenekamp's saloon and introduced to the Pinochle Club an elderly, mysterious-looking man.



Umbrella-Jones put me up at his club last night. I might have known 'twould be un-lucky. This will make the third time I've en kidnapped to-day.

How It I a spened.



Biffy-I told him I always travelled on me Bummy-An' what did de conductor guy

Biffy- Le said I did have a face like a ticket, an' wid dat he hauled off an' punched it one. Safe.

"It boots not whether I go or stay," said her young man, thankfully, as he gazed at papa's sleeping form on the sofa.—Princeton. Tiger.

What's Doing in Seciety.



Algy-Rello, Cholly. Have you ordered your coronation robes yet?
Cholly-Coronation robes? Why, my deah boy, the coronation was ages ago.

Algy—Ah. I see you don't know. We'r all going down to the dentist's next Thursday Percy's going to have a crown put on a tooth, and we're going to see the thing through just like Edward's coronation. Awfully original, don't you think?

THE RETIRED BURGLAR. little Mishap That Befell Him Through Neglect to Test His Tools.

"You'd think now, wouldn't you," said the retired burglar, "that a man in my-business, if anybody, would test his tools before bringing them into use, and so take no chances with them? You would, sure; but the best men neglect this, sometimes,

and I did once, and came to grief.

"The lip of my old jimmy had got chipped. and rather than have it drawn out and retempered I had had a new one made. I had been doing pretty well along about then and I felt that I could afford it, to say

then and I felt that I could afford it, to say nothing to the common sense of having only the best tools to work with.

"That new jimmy was a beauty to look at, and well-balanced and good under the hand, fine and perfect in every way, apparently, and I never tested it. I tried it on a safe I knew of that seemed to be just waiting for somebody to come along and crack it.

"This safe stood at the top landing of a pair of stairs that led up to the second story of a two-story detached building that was used for a factory of some sort, and that stood on the same lot with the house of the owner in a small country town. I suppose

used for a factory of some sort, and that stood on the same lot with the house of the owner in a small country town. I suppose they put it out there so they could tumble it down statrs handy in case of fire:

"It didn't seem much of a safe. It was a loose-jointed, sort of ramshackle-looking old safe compared with what they build newadays, but it didn't turn out as easy as I thought it was going to.

"It stood with its door toward the office room on that second floor; and with the hinged edge of the door back from, and the opening edge toward the top of the stairs; so I had to stand with my heels right on the edge of the top step of the stairs to get at it. I wedged the door out a little, to get it started away from the door frame, and then I got the new jimmy in and began prying.

"But the old safe, as I was saying, turned out to be tougher than I had expected; and the first thing I knew there was a crack and a break, not in the safe door but in the handle of my new jimmy—a flaw in the steel—and standing as I was on that very top step and leaning out over the stairs at the moment, away I went.

"It was plumb daylight when I came to, and then I was in on a work bench on the first floor of this little factory, with a doctor bending over me in one side, and the owner of the factory on the other. The owner had found me senseless at the bottom of the stairs, and there I had lain till he picked me up.

"He did his first duty, to me, by sending

me up.

"He did his first duty, to me, by sending for the doctor, and later he did his duty to the community. It was easy to do that with the handle of my broken jimmy beside me at the foot of the stairs, the part that matched it sticking in the safe, and my old bullseye standing on the top of the strong

"It was some years after that before I got a chance to use another jimmy, at all; but I never repeated the mistake I made with that one."

Everything Has Its Use.



Hayden-Hello, Grayden, you're just the man I've been looking for. Hear your factory burned last week and you've got several nundred bales of damaged excelsior on hand. I'd like to buy it if--

Grayden-Heavens, man! why the stuff is worthless. They played the hose on it for three days, and—— Layden—Good! That will make the flavor even more distinctive. You see we're start-ing a new breakfast food, and—well, what

do you want for the whole lot? No Cause for Worry. Mr. Bacon-When all the fools are dead I

don't want to be alive.

Mrs. Bacon-Well, don't worry, you won't be. -Cotumbia, Jester.

wife's Spring Campaign.

Special new brushes are at hand for the spring housecleaning, the latest being the flat, keen-bladed brush designed expressly for getting the dirt from between the pipes of the steam heater, a feat which has hitherto been a temper ruffler for both mis-

special silver handled brush to defend it

Brushes are now made so pliable and gentle in action and of such resisting quality that they take the place of the cleaning cloths formerly used. Thus there is the carafe and decanter brush, the marble brush, the tumbler and goblet brush, the window brush, the brush for cut glass, the dish washing brush and many others

niture, chamois covered so as not to abraid the surface. Clothing beaters are in wide variety, and for each description of rug there is a particular beater designed to oust the dust from the weave with the least hurt to texture and the utmost con-venience to the housemaid.

CIRCUS BAIT FOR A MURDERER

LURE USED TO GET A KENTUCKY ASSASSIN INTO THE TOILS.

Local Detectives Could Not Place Their

Devised a Simple Scheme That Worked. A party of Southern men were talking about the inability of Internal Revenue pers assigned to the mountain districts

persistent lawbreakers, and a man from Charleston, W. Va., told this story: "In the Hatfield-McCoy country down our way assassinations are of almost daily currence, but the idea that each man's in the mountaineers by tradition that they will forget their own differences and band

ber, no matter how serious his crime.
"Two years ago news of these killings in the mountains began to drift more into the towns, and the more people heard of them the more they decided that such things ought to cease. No one had ever ventured before to interfere in a mountain feud, and revenue officers and Government detectives and spies confined their

and other minor criminals. "A desperate effort to get the next mur derer was made, but the officers couldn't get pear the man. Meanwhile the moun-taineers looked on in amusement at the attempts of various detectives to worm their way into the confidence of the women and children of the mountains and thus

the man's shoulder.

command.

"The mountaineer got back into the moun used to capture this man without success. "Then the citizens took the unusual course

derer, provided \$50 was given to him for expenses.

"He got the money and spent most of it that night around the saloons treating all sorts of queer strangers to drinks. He struck up a friendship with a couple of mountaineers who, seeing that he was a Northern man proceeded to fill him up with blood-curdling tales of the mountains. After an appropriate amount of shuddering over the stories, the man from the North inquired why the perpretrators of all these terrible deeds were never punished.

"Wal,' said one of the mountain meh, 'it's this here way. Ye can't get the mountain man inter the city and it ain't healthy fer a officer ter chase him out inter the mountains. See?'

"Never come in the city?' said the man from the North.

"Never,' said the mountaineer. 'Why, there's men I know out in the mountains here that's never been inter town in their lives and some of them has got gray whishers, too.

"No, air,' put in the other mountain man,

lives and some of them has got gray whiskers, too.

"No, sir,' put in the other mountain man,
they ain't nuthin' but a circus'il bring the
boys in. Say, I've seen as many as twenty
men that the law was after and had been after
fer years in town at once at a circus.

"The man from the North bought more
drinks, and then said good night. The next
day he hired a team and started out into the
mountains.

the townspeople threw up their hards, and there wasn't anything more raid about arresting mountaineers for murder, until one night a burly moonshiner, full of his even wildest whickey, came into a small town and deliberately put a bullet through

according to custom, mountaineers who couldn't be lured from their hills by anything else were footing it into the city from every direction.

"To make a long story short, the murderer was one of those lured from the wilds by the promise of a circus, and he was promptly arrested and jailed. The man from the North pocketed a liberal reward and took the first train back to New York.

"The mountaineers who had been fooled by his tale of a circus were furious and would have made it very unhealthy for him if he had remained around. As for the murderer, he was tried and hanged, the limit of punishment being inflicted as a warning to mountaineers that they must confine their killing bees to the mountains and not bring them into town.

"Everybody marvalled at the simple method by which the man from the North got his man, and the police couldn't understand why they hadn't thought of this ruse themselves, for every man in that region knows that a circus is an attraction that the most sought after of mountaineers cannot resist."

From Antient Rome and Is Happy. discharged the family watchdog in dis-grace, J. D. Huebner, a Los Angeles cottager, has installed two enormous gray

They are two shades more efficient as sentinels than the best watchdog that ever lived, he t hinks. In addition to which they have the following points in their favor: They do not how at the moon; they do not make friends with visiting burglars and bits the parson; they do not transform the frost lawn into a depository for ancient bones.

Like most big ganders they are belligerent. The minute the front gate clicks they come rushing around from the back yard with wings outstretched and fispping, looking for a fight. It is no use to say "Good doggy nice doggy" to them. They

In Which He Tells How He Destroyed a Sea Monster to the Joy of the Pygmies.

When I had been in Jolly Land for a week or so I came to notice that there was one part of the seashore which the Pygmies avoided, and when I asked why this was

a lot of my people were bathing on that shore, a monster suddenly appeared among them and killed no less than six. The

for a victim. We are so fearful of him that we dare not go within half a mile of the

"I can hardly tell you. It seems to be a wild beast, and yet it swims and dives and lives in the water. I know that it has two great teeth in front, and is terribly savage. Some of the people that it killed were almost forn to pieces."

but took the axe and went into the forest and cut down a young tree to make me a shout club. The Pygmies were very curious to know what I was going to do with it, but I did not explain for awhile. Then I

but I did not explain 101 and a said to them:

"Oh, King of the people, I have heard of the moneter which lives on the west shore of your island and makes you afraid, and I am going out alone to fight him."

"No! no! no!" cried everybudy in chorus.

"Should you go man the water you will be torn to pieces in a minute. We cannot let you run such a rick."

"But I shall go," I said. "I am not at

all afraid of this monster, and I shall kiff him or drive him from your shores." When the King saw that I was determined to go he put his arms around me and

When the King saw that I was determined to go he put his arms around me and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, I know you are so smart that I hope you will get the better of this monster. If you do, we shall all be grateful to you forever. But you must promise me that if he seems too much for you when the fight begins you will run away and thus save your life."

I promised the King and his people that I would be careful and prudent, and it was agreed that we should set out for the west shore at sunrise next morning.

If you think I did not sleep soundly that night you are mistaken. Although I could not be sure about it, I suspected that the sea monster was only a sea lion after all.

I had seen many sea lions on the rocks near my home, and while I knew them to be fierce and dangerous, I also knew that they were easily killed by a blow on the head. If it was not a sea lion then I would fight him some other way and hope to put an end to him just the same.

All the Pygmies were astir at daylight, and when I set out for the shore almost every person in the city followed after me. Wet had to go about a mile and a half, and when we came to within forty rods of the water the people stood still and let me go on alone, although they cried out to me again and again to be careful.

When I stood on the beach at last no monster could be seen. I walked up and down with my club on my shoulder and waited for him to appear. Ten minutes had gone by when the Pygmies suddenly shouted:

"Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out! The

had gone by when the Pygmies suddenly shouted: "Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out! The

"Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out! The monster is coming!"

So he was. He had come up from the bottom of the sea, and was swimming toward me at a furious rate, and growling and roaring as he came. I saw at once that it was a sea lion, and I had every confidence in myself.

I stepped back about one hundred feet from the edge of the water and motioned to the Pygmies to keep quiet, and then I waited for the beast to come on. He was in a savage temper, and he had no sooner reached the shore than he came rushing at me with open mouth.

"Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out!" shouted the Pygmies, but I was on my guard.

*Look out. Joe Jolly Boy—look out!"
shouted the Pygmies, but I was on my
guard.

I had my club ready and as the lion came
up I leaped nimbly to one side and delivered a blow with all my might.

It was such a hard one that he rolled over
at once, and while he lay stunned I struck
him again and again and soon had him dead
at my feet.

When the Pygmies saw that their dreaded
enemy was dead they came rushing down
with shouts and yells and songs and the
Eing clasped me in his arms and said:

*Jee Jolly Boy you are the bravest man

on earth and if you will stay with us you may be King in my place. Three times three cheers for Joe.

In my next chapter I will tell you about the sea robbers, and how I frightened and punished them and put them to flight.

To be Continued. RAMSEYER'S QUEER HABIT. An Indiana Man's Way of Dropping Out

of the World at Intervals. INDIANAPOLIS, March 28 .- David Ramseyer walked into the store where he had been employed for five years in the town of Russiaville last Tuesday morning and began to wait on customers. As soon as the proprietor saw him he asked where he had been. Ramseyer replied with a look of astonishment that he hadn't been

anywhere. The merchant then inquired if he not know he had been absent from the store for two months and that the police of a dozen cities had been notified of his dis appearance and asked to search for him Ramseyer looked his astonishment during the questioning, but declared that he did not know that he had been out of the place

He remembered leaving the store the night before and, until told that two months had elapsed, supposed that it was but the evening before that he went away as usual to his home. He wore the same suit of clothes and though told by others, who had come into the store to see him, that he had just got off a Clover Leaf train, he said that he remembered nothing of it and did not know where he had been nor what he had done during his absence.

Ramseyer is 42 and exemplary in habits. This is the fourth time he disappeared from the place and the fourth time that he has returned and taken up his old work, seemingly unconscious that more than one night intervened between his leaving the store and returning in the morn-

leaving the store and returning in the morning.

Where he goes or how he supports himself while-away is a mystery. He does not remember being engaged in any occupation while away, and it is with difficulty that he has been convinced on his return. So far as the time spent away is concerned, his mind seems to be a blank.

In the past five years he has disappeared four times and on one of these occasions he was sheen more than a year. Those who have studied his case believe that he loss his identity when he disappears, becomes to all intents and purposes another person under another name, and comes to himself only when he returns to his home.

FOR THE WAR ON DIRT. New Weapons Provided for the House

One of the triumphs of the times is the number and ingenious character of the brushes made to vanquish dirt.

tress and maids The billiard table has now its special brush for cleaning without damage to the baize lining. The 5 o'clock tea table has a from crumbs without marring the mirrorlike surface. The refrigerator has a brush made after its own needs. There are special brushes for special sorts of upholstery. And there is a new brush just come to clean the slats of the window blind cleverly

and deftly.

the dish washing brush and many others for pantry use that are more sightly and mare conveniently kept than mere mops and cloths.

These various brushes are of felt, of chamois, of hair, of sea root, of tampleo and many grades of bristles and vegetable fibre. Different foreign nations have contributed to the array.

The tribe of feather dusters has multiplied amazingly and varies from the extrasoft piano or brica-brac duster of fine ostrich feathers and the tender yet effective carriage duster, to the ordinary hearth and mantel duster. There is a specially fine picture duster of turkey feathers and an elongated feather duster for reaching up to cornices.

Purniture polishing brushes come round, square, triangular, many fingered, answering well for the human hand. Silver cleaning brushes constitute a family of themselves. And floor waxing brushes and floor rubbing brooms are contrived so as to the worked either by hand or foot.

There are special beaters for rattan furniture, chamois covered so as not to abraid the surface. Clothing beaters are in wide

Hands Upon Him-Then a Pale-Faced Man From the North Came Along and of Kentucky and West Virginia to capture

friends must revenge him without the together to prevent the law from inflict-ing any punishment on one of their num-

There wasn't one of these detectives who didn't owe his life to the fact that he never succeeded in getting near his man. If he ever had got near him he would have been shot full of holes before he could have as much as placed his hand

a citizen who had declined to leave the

sidewalk and walk in the roadway at his tains without delay and although a posse of citizens chased him they didn't get near him. All of the local detective talent was

of appealing to the mountaineers to give him up. This failed, too, and people were beginning to think that the murder would go unavenged when a pale-faced man from the North came into town one day and contracted with the local police to get the murderer, provided \$50 was given to him for expenses.

GEESE AS WATCHDOGS. Los Angeles Cottager Takes an Idea Los ANORERS, Cal., March 23.-Having

TOE JOLLY BOY'S TRIP TO JOLLY LAND,

so the King explained: "One day, about five years ago, when

"He lives among the rocks at the edge of the water, and is always on the lookout

"What does this monster look like?"

But haven't you tried to kill the thing, whatever it is?" I asked.
"I once marched down to the shore at the head of 200 men," replied the King. "but when the beast began to bark and roar we all ran away. We are not cowards, but we cannot cope with such a beast as this."

"I said no more to the King just then,